

POP  
CLASSICS

# HOME ALONE



based on the story  
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'Twas three nights before Christmas,  
and the McCallister family was getting  
ready to leave for vacation.

Everyone was busy packing.





Everyone except Kevin,  
who was busy getting  
into trouble.



“Go straight to bed!”  
his mother demanded.  
“That’s enough trouble  
for one day!”





Lying in bed, Kevin could hear voices  
and laughter coming from downstairs.  
Everyone was having fun without him.

"I hope I never see my family again,"  
Kevin whispered.  
"I wish I was home alone."



The next morning, the house  
was very, very quiet.

No one was shouting. No one was running  
around. No one was telling Kevin to hurry up  
and eat his breakfast. No one was home.

Finally, Kevin realized what had happened.



"I made my family  
**DISAPPEAR!**"



For the first time ever,  
Kevin had the house  
all to himself.

He ~~raced~~ up and down  
the halls.



He jum**pe**d on all the beds.



He ate a **giant** ice cream  
sundae for breakfast.





After watching hours  
of television,



and  
rode  
a  
toboggan  
down  
a  
giant  
mountain.

he searched through his  
brother's private stuff

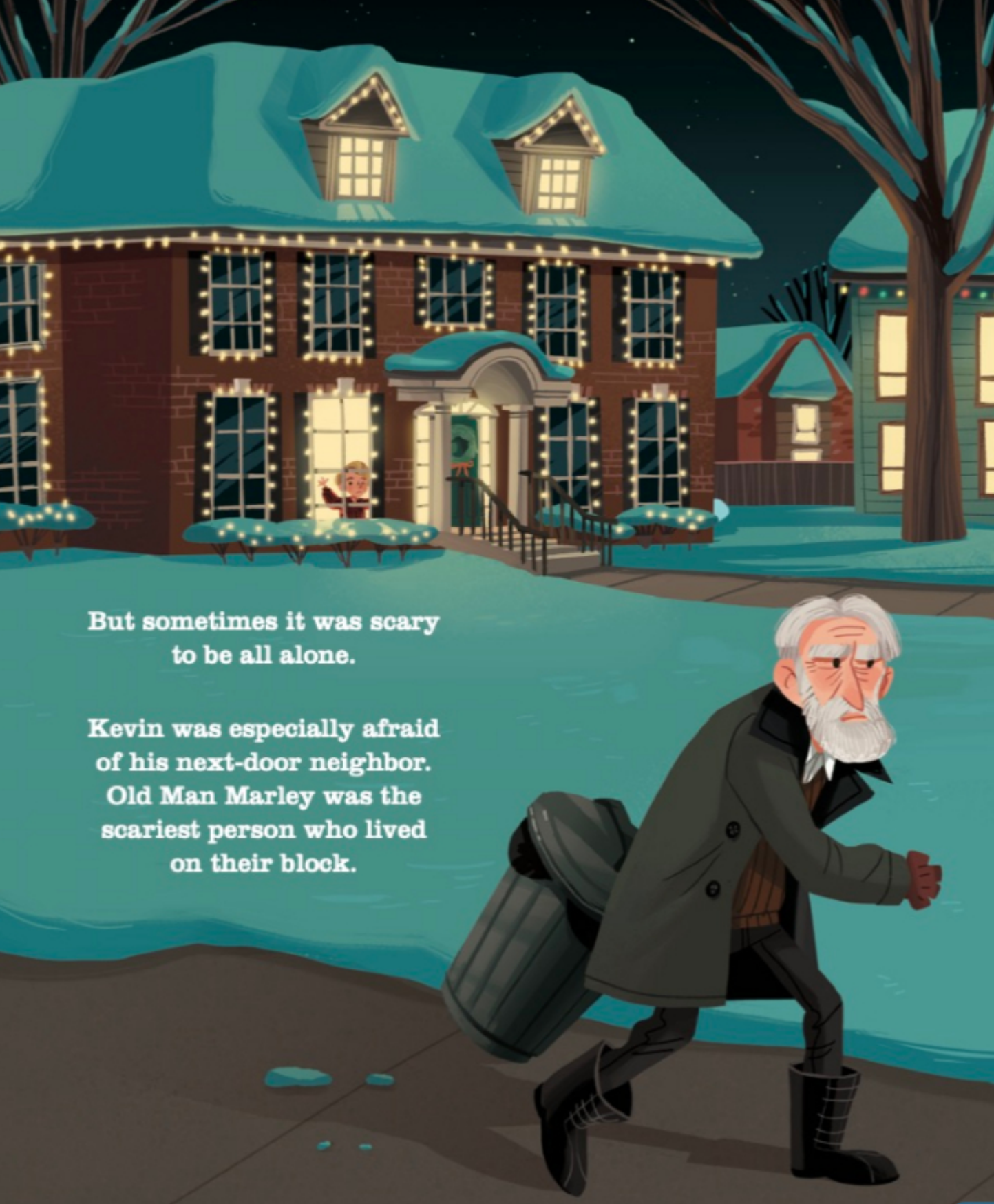


AHHHHHH!!!

He even tried his father's  
after-shave lotion.  
(This was not a good idea—  
it stings!)







But sometimes it was scary  
to be all alone.

Kevin was especially afraid  
of his next-door neighbor.  
Old Man Marley was the  
scariest person who lived  
on their block.



And that night Kevin  
heard whispers outside the  
living room window.  
Burglars were snooping  
around his house!





"You see?" Marv said. "Most of the houses on this street are empty! Everyone is away for the holidays!"

"Perfect," Harry said. "We'll come back tomorrow night and steal everything!"



Kevin was so scared, he dialed 911,  
but the telephone didn't work.  
The wires had been damaged in a snowstorm.

After hiding under his parents' bed for a long  
time, Kevin decided that he was being silly.

"Only a wimp would be hiding, and I can't  
be a wimp. I'm the grown-up of this house,  
and I need to act like one!"



The next day was  
Christmas Eve, and Kevin  
had plenty of grown-up  
work to do.

He walked to the grocery store  
and bought food.



He put his clothes in the  
washing machine.



He decorated a Christmas tree.

And he hung Christmas stockings for his  
parents and brothers and sisters.

"I miss you guys," he whispered.  
"I wish you would come back."





Kevin's family always went  
to church on Christmas Eve, so  
that's what Kevin did, too.

After the service ended,  
he saw his scary next-door  
neighbor, Old Man Marley,  
sitting nearby.



"You don't have to be afraid," Mr. Marley  
said. "The kids in the neighborhood  
have lots of spooky stories about me,  
but they're not true."

After they talked for a while,  
Kevin realized that Mr. Marley was  
in fact a very nice man.

"Are you visiting anyone for Christmas?"  
Kevin asked.







"No," Mr. Marley said.  
"I miss my family and I'd like to  
see them, but my son and I are  
fighting. I said some angry words  
that I didn't mean."

Kevin knew exactly how  
Mr. Marley felt.

Kevin remembered wishing  
his family would disappear—  
but he hadn't really meant it.

"You should try talking  
to your son," Kevin said.  
"Maybe I will," Mr. Marley said.



When Kevin left the church, it was already dark.  
The burglars would be coming soon!



He ran all the way home.



Kevin made a plan that was full of booby traps.







He scattered toy cars

and smeared tar on the  
basement steps.



He made a big pile of feathers

and hid sharp ornaments  
under the windowsills.



He sprayed water on  
the front steps

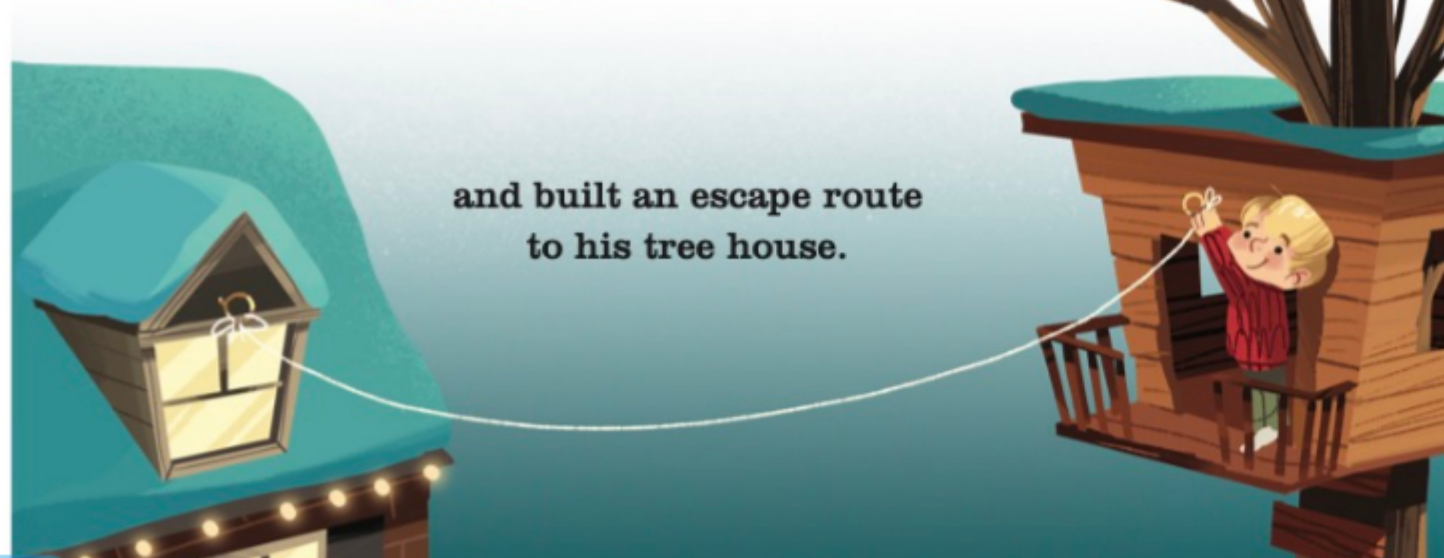
and tied paint cans to ropes.



He stretched a trip wire  
through the hallway



and built an escape route  
to his tree house.





At nine o'clock, Marv and Harry returned to the McCallisters' house, ready to steal everything inside.



They didn't know that Kevin had sprayed water all over the steps...



...or that the water had frozen into slick, slippery ice.



The burglars stumbled into  
all of Kevin's traps.

"Yech!"



"YOW!!"

"Waaaaahhhhhh!"



"Ewwwwwww!"





Marv and Harry slipped  
on the toy cars



and were knocked over  
by paint cans.





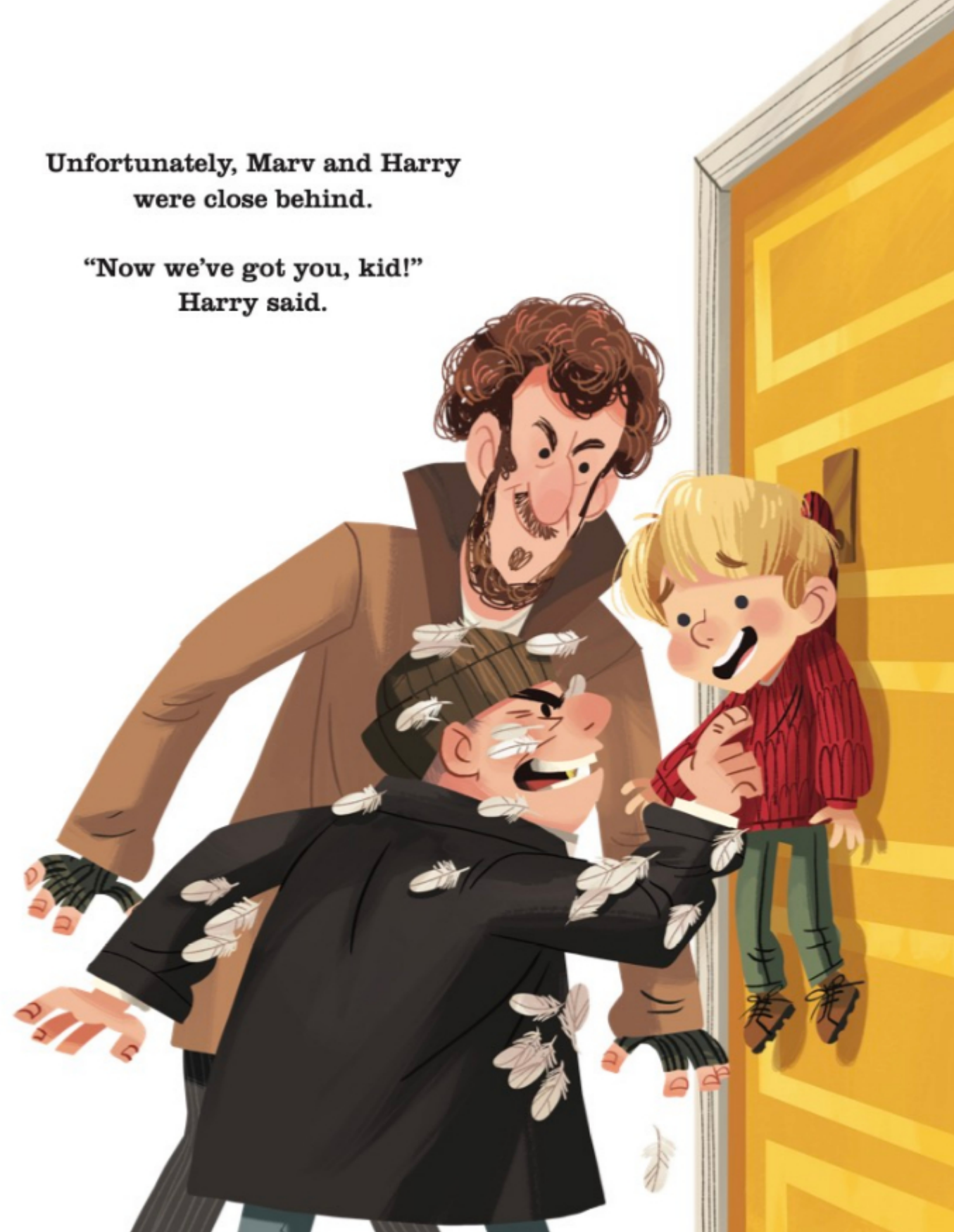
Kevin escaped through  
his bedroom window



and ran next door to his  
neighbor's house.

Unfortunately, Marv and Harry  
were close behind.

"Now we've got you, kid!"  
Harry said.







Mr. Marley arrived just in time! **WHACK! WHACK!**  
He bonked the burglars with his snow shovel  
and called the police.

Then he brought Kevin home.



That night, Kevin left a note  
for Santa Claus, along with  
some milk and cookies.

He couldn't wait for  
Christmas morning.

Dear Santa,  
I don't need  
any presents.  
Just bring back  
my family.  
Love,  
Kevin McCallister



When he woke up the next day,  
Kevin rushed into the living room.  
“Mom? Dad? Is anyone here?”

No one answered him.



Then he heard a familiar voice.

“Kevin? Is that you?”





His mother was home!

"I missed you so much,"  
he said, giving her a giant hug.

"I missed you, too," she said.

"Where are the others?"  
Kevin asked.





The front door flew open, and  
there they were! His father, his brothers and  
sisters—everybody was home at last.

“Are you okay?” his father asked.

“I’m just happy you’re all back,” Kevin said.

**“Merry Christmas!”**

